

HERE APA. THE ADVANCE FASHION PLATES OF HER MOST FETCHING COSTUMES. FIRST PANEL SHOWS AN ATTRACTIVE CLOSED ETON. CENTRE PANEL HOLDS THE POPULAR VEST. THIRD PANEL SHOWS A CHIC TAILOR-MADE.

THE BICYCLE

WHAT SHE WILL WEAR AWHEEL IN THE COMING MONTHS.

FASHION IS A FAST PACEMAKER.

White Pique Will Be the Swell Thing for Bikers-Women Have Gone

A pocket in the other side seam ese new suits comprise coats with The of contrasting cloth or of white silk skirt will be worn underneat A white chemisette is worn with gros-grain belt and silver buckle. vests, or a white cambric skirt, For

A SPRING CAPE.

EMBROIDERED YOKE AND TAFFETA RUFFLES

IN WHITE PIQUE.

IN WHITE PIQUE.

For fair days in summer, however, the swell bicycle girl will bloom out in the glory of white pique. These pique suits will be tailor-made, with closed or divided swell bicycle girl will bloom out in the glory of white pique. These pique suits will be tallor-made, with closed or divided skirts and the jackets cut in all the forms described above. The seams of the skirts, and the jackets as well, are marked by stitched bands of pique. White pear buttons are the only ones allowed on these days, but she must use taffeta in every detail of her wordrobe where it is possible to introduce it. Fancy taffeta parasols are going to be the rage. The bolder the design, the more chic it will be considered. The plain coaching parasol is in the background this year and those of smooth type are likely to be unpopular. Hemstliched bands, rows and the jackets, which will be worn with black, gray, or navy cloth skirts. White linen suits will also be worn by taffeta, inserted, bands of contrasting silk and clusters of tucks, bands of gathered with the drawled. "That's Mary Lincoln's, She's and clusters of tucks, bands of contrasting silk and shaded striped bands are for those only that, she treated us with the

prides herself on her stylish gowns for all occasions. The skirt is of black serge, a row of buttons on both improves longer than usual, following the English style of the costume. The bodices ideas in this respect. The short jacket is backs, blazer fronts, and low-cat backs, blazer fronts, and blazer fr stopping at the waist-line. These ration. Either a plaited cambric or a are of contrasting cloth or of white silk skirt will be worn underneath with SILK CAPES.

without vests there are plaid and Silk capes are among the novelties

plain taffeta skirts, which give a touch which promise to be very successful. Buttered horizontally because of the winof color to the dull-hued costumes. The Jackets of some of these costumes are left open a little in the front, showing a white chemisette. The edges of the blouse are held together by straps and buttons. For women with graceful figures the double-breasted tailor bedies. used lavishly on the yokes of these little wraps, or as an entire covering, or outworn open over a linen chemisette, is to be the correct thing. Boleros and Eton lining the edges.

PARASOLS TO BE GREATEY IN FA-

white linen suits will also be worn by cycle women. There is also a woollen playe, which is made up into wheeling and the fulness set into godet futes he back. Those divided in the back the front and sides flat and smooth the front and sides. The circular months. Small checks are passe.

In a designed in the same manner, pocket hole is at one of the side prides herself on her stylish gowns for prides herself on her stylish gowns for the same. These effective models is of surah, and has fringed out flounce of the same. Thes fringed siik flounces are to be used on many articles of attire. This is the remany articles of twenty years ago.

Yival of a style of twenty years ago.

Some of the canopy parasols have bright plaid ground and shirred bands of plain taffeta as trimming. Flat tops with cluster of five broad tucks of contrasting shades are very elegant.

THE MODIFIED BLOUSE.

Notwithstanding all predictions to the contrary, the blouse in a modified form contrary, the blouse in a modified form continues to be fashionable. It nas a snug back, a fitted side effect, and a slightly full or bloused centre. In other wards, the fulness that would be taken up in the darts of a fitted walst is left free and fulled into a belt. The yoke and vest effects were too becoming to be given up, and were not suitable with a bodice moulded to the figure. These walsts may or may not have flat basques, as the wearer selects. Many of the basques are cut in tabs. basques are cut in tabs.

Redfern's latest creations have this fit-ted blouse with so little fulness in front that it has nearly the effect of a plain For women with a good figure, this is a welcome change. It is permissi-ble where the figure is devoid of graceful outlines to retain the blouse effect of the past year to a degree.

FROM WIGWAM TO PARLOR.

The Civilization of Mary Lincoln-An Oklahoma Indian Settlement. (H. E. Candee in Evening Post.)

Ollin, the driver, refused to proceed. He was imbued with a dread of being "mired was imbued with a dread of being "mired down," and we shared his fears after that last struggle through a sea of liquid clay, when the horses were lashed into a fren-zy to keep them from sinking. We were ntering the agency of one of the In-ian reservations in Oklahoma.

"I'll take you all to the Eagle Hotel," said Ollin. "Tough place for women, but better than this," and he shivered as the

wind chilled him. No one greeted the three cramped travellers when we drove up-no eager host, no importunate bell-boy. The flat, inscrutable front of the two-story structure was inhospitably closed. Ollin threw open was inhospitably closed. Oilin threw open the small front door, and we entered directly into the living-room. Four young Indians gathered around a card-table continued their game after a giance of indifference; an old squaw edged nearer the stove, as though to jealously guard her place from usurpers, and through an open doorway we discerned a dark-hued siren combing her straight black hair. It was a hotel kept by Indians, and Indians were the only guests. Could there be a greater contrast to the wild isolation of an Indian's life on the plain, or a stronger example of the rapidity with which he is additing the white man's methods? The pity of it is that with untrained discrimination he selects those features for emulation which are the faults of civilization. With thousands of acres at his disposal, debt With thousands of acres at his disposal, he builds a narrow, two-story hotel, and crowds his fellows into it with metropolitian economy of space. The living-room is no more than a gambling resort—for the Indians are inveterate gamblers—and the dining-room is sought in moments of anger as a place where missiles are handy. No word of English was spoken, although the young men at the table were graduates of Carliste, and we turned appealingly towards Ollin.

"Mind what you say," he whispered. "They get mad awful easy, and they understand English just as well as you do."

We were shown to a room connecting thousands of acres at his disposal.

"They get mad awful easy, and they understand English just as well as you do."

We were shown to a room connecting with the living-room, but having no door, save a scant breadth of called, which "You would not part with them, I support "Tit-Bits."

beautiful buckskin garments, ornamented with prehistoric designs in fine beadwith the seadwith the beadwork. "I wore these," she said, letting work. "I wore these," she said, letting house."

Why, I do everything for them—provide em with a home, plenty to eat, and so forth. What more can they expected the same of the sa save a scant breadth of calico, which

light approached. The husband of the woman who kept the house at last appeared with an armful of wood. He was a gaunt, red Irishman, the only bit of cheerful color in the gloomy Interior; but, alas, he was the worst of the lot, for his temper was as jurid as his hair, and at that moment it was intensified by drink. On his return to the kitchen we heard sounds of breaking china and women's screams. Without a word we seized our

Mary Lincoln did take us in, and not only that, she treated us with the royal hospitality of an Arab and kept us as her guests for several days. Her house would not have disgraced a New England farm of the better class. It was low and wide, with verandas on two sides, and a wide bay-window full of pot-ted flowers. It stood in a grove of orna-mental trees, surrounded by a picket fence, and behind were ample farm buildway as we asked her for her hospitality, a woman of gracious but commanding presence, a mild light shining from her eyes, and a ready smile showing her plea-sure. She was dressed with excessive care, and with as much regard for the mode of the moment as though her home was in a city instead of fifty miles from

the nearest railroad. Supper was served by a neat, little handmaid of white blood, and the cooking was delicious, the service being better than is found in most pretentious homes in the Territory. The family were all present-Mrs. Lincoln, her sister, her son (a little chap in sailor costume, just like any other boy), and a young daughter fresh from boarding school. supper, all gathered in the sitting-room, which at first sight seemed to contain no clue to the savage origin of its mistress. The moquette carpet, the easy chairs, and reading-lamp, the upright plano, were such as any well-to-do family might possess. On a table stood a large Swiss music-box, across it a guitar, while near by were books and magazines; but the by were books and inhance was wandering eye caught on a shelf a view of ancient pistols, of epaulets, and other soldiers accourrements. "These—?" I soldiers accoutrements. said, looking, almost with horror, at my

quiet hostess.
"Yes," she smiled imperturbably; and as we looked into each other's eyes, each knew the meaning of those terrible relics, and each knew the impossibility of touching upon a subject viewed from two such opposite points. To me the fragments of uniforms and equipments meant soldiers massacred on duty; to her they meant a victory over the invading army; but while I was horrified and perturbed,

she was serene almost to stolidity.

I picked up Mrs. Lincoln's family photograph-album from the table by way of changing the subject of conversation, and she sat by me to give the names.

"Don't any of your people wear the In-dian dress?" I asked, disappointed at the lack of picturesqueness in the dowdy "My people can only wear what they

can buy at the agency store," she re-plied, with a touch of acerbity; and I knew that bitter thoughts lurked behind er assertion, which she afterwards explained.

"I kept a store myself," she continued. "My people wished me to. I stocked it with all the things they want, and they bought of me freely the first quarter; but the keeper of the agency store became angry because I took all his trade, and appealed to the agent. When it came pay-day my people were told that no money was coming to them; that they were already in debt to the agency store to the full amount of their allowance. This left no money with which to pay me, and my people were obliged to trade on credit at the agency store, from whose debt they will never be extricated." I afterwards saw her store, which was the better of the two in the settlement, and was feddingent at the petty persecution.

was indignant at the petty persecution.
"Have you always dressed like this?"
I asked of her, glancing at her perfectlyfitting gown of black cloth.

fitting gown of black cloth.
She laughed: "Oh, no."
"In a blanket?" I queried, Smiling.
"No; my tribe is a northern one. Wewere skins;" and she disappeared for a moment, bringing back with her some beautiful buckskin garments, ornamented with prehistoric designs in fine beadwork. "I were these," she said, letting

pose?" I queried, the greed of the col-"No," she said, simply, but conclu-

"They are hard to get," I said, suggestively. "Why is it?"
"Because," she said, with a resignation tinged with bitterness, "the Indian agent refuses to allow beads to be sold on the reservation. Bead-work is the only industry the women of my people know, but the agent says he can never civilize them while they make this savage bead-work, so now they sit in idleness. I wore these things," she continued, caressing the bead-embroidered garments, "when I was a little girl, and went South with my tribe on the annual hunts. But that was before the country was apportioned in severalty, and before the wire fences

blocked the way."

The next day we took a drive abroad in Mrs. Lincoln's family carriage, driven by a young American cowboy, now her farm overseer, but who in years gone by managed her large cattle interests. The settlement called the Agency consisted of a dozen small houses, two stores, the Eagle Hotel, and the Indian school, which stood afar on the hilf. Sprinkled which stood afar on the hilf. Sprinkled all about were tepees, from which curls of smoke rose sullenly. We stopped in front of one of these, and Mrs. Lincoln held a conversation with a slouching Indian and his wife, who peeped from the tent flap. Not a word of English was spoken nor a smile exchanged. All the European grace of manner with which my hostess addressed me was a which my hostess addressed me was a thing assumed with the English language and laid aside when she communicated with her tribe.

to me when we drove away, as though unconscious of the contrast between their savage state and her own extraordinary advancement.

"Whose is that fine house?" I asked, pointing to a commodious residence of

That is the Indian agent's," she replied, and I saw by the gathering dark-ness of her face that I was treading on dangerous ground. That the agent is hated by the lazy, stubborn Indian; who resent improvement, counts for nothing, but it is significant that his ways are condemned with equal bitterness by peo-ple of the tribe who have reached Mrs. Lincoln's degree of refinement.

"That is my foster-father's house," said our hostess, as the driver stopped the team before a comfortable cottage in this settlement, where white men and Indians live as citizens. We entered the sittingroom, which was for the moment empty. It was not as luxurious as Mrs. Lincoln's own, but showed only the simple furnishings and scant decoration characteristic of the homes of old people. Presently the old chief entered. He was tall, of unmistakable Indian build, source shoulders. takable Indian build, square shoulders, short neck, and fine head. Mrs. Lincoln took him affectionately by the hand, and took him affectionately by the hand, and in her own language gently explained to him our presence. He smiled on us benignantly, extending a hand to each in turn, and saying "How do?" but this was all the English he knew, and the conversation was carried on entirely through the interpretation of his föster-daughter.

He had been several times to Washington to represent his tribe before the "Great Father," and there had become converted to the inartistic garments

converted to the inartistic garments known as civilian dress, which, however, suited him, for he were his frock coat with elegance and dignity. He was alto-gether of a heroic type. His leonine head was never meant to bow, nor his fearless eyes to quall. When civilization came upon him, he met it as a conqueror, instead of fleeing before it as lesser men of his tribe

wearier teachers struggling with the English language and elementary studies. The children in the school-rooms were all heavy and indifferent, but out of doors they were playful and joyous. I sat down on the steps and ten little Indian boys approached me curiously and suspiciously, like the squirrels in a park. Some sort, and, possibly, I may even decline to be interviewed when the reporters call to see me. In declining, however, I shail not lose the opportunity of getting my name in the papers, but threats without exactly knowing myself, and provided the properties of the properties of the provided that the properties of the properti Some scarlet carnations on my dress public-ever eager to take a man at his own estimate, if he places a high value out suggestively. In a moment I was on himself-will whisper about me as I covered with an avalanche of laughing, struggling children, whose cold, dirty hands at once ruthlessly touched my coat, neck, and face. I turned them off, but They'll say: "There must be something in that fellow for we are always here." those who had not succeeded in gaining a flower came back with extended palms, crying, "Give, give." They picked at my They picked at my black-headed pins and asked for those then, with unbiushing assurance, begge with clamorous voices and brown hands my watch and every bit of jewelry in sight. They apparently spoke no English but the word give; however, I asked them their names as the ten little boys stood before me in a wriggling row,

"Joshua," said the first; "Joseph," said the second, and "Daniel," the third, "No, no, no!" I exclaimed in impa-tience, "Indian name." The little fellows were giving me the unattractive substi-tutes which were taken from the Bible by the school-teachers, probably as the

first step in religious reformation.
"Indian name," I repeated, pointing to the merry little gnome called Joshua. He and all the others looked puzzled and solemn for a moment, grunted an inartic ulate syllable or two, then, with a happy smile of illumination, he and all the row filled my ears with the musical sound of the names their mothers called them on the plain and in the tepee, when beaded buckskins clothed their straight limbs nd moccasins made their steps soft and

light as a coyote's.

After the joy of telling their true names and teaching them to my stumbling tongue, they fell upon me again with a sudden rush. "Name! name!" they cried in emulation of my first request. "Helen," I gravely responded, and each connect the lesson over in gentle murmuring. It was now time to go. The others of my party were approaching. I turned to say good-by to my little troop of entertain ers, but they were disappearing at the sight of more strangers. "Good-by," I called. From behind a corner of the building six tousled black heads were peeping. "Good-by. 'El-en," they re-plied, and scampered away like prairie-

To a Bicycle.

(With Apologies to Students of Shelley.) (Hon. M. Cordelia Leigh, in the March Pall Mall Magazine.) Swiftly spin over the stony way,
Bicycle light!
I rise from my bed at dawn of day,
Where all the vision-harassed night
I wove those dreams of joy and fear
Which make thee terrible—and dear;
Swift be thy flight!

Newest pattern of latest day,
Dearly bought!
Speeding along the Queen's highway,
I ride thee until I am wearled out,
Scour the length and breadth of the land,
With dilated eye and an anxious hand,
Bike long sought.

When I arose and saw the dawn, I call'd for thee; When skies were black and the summer

And snow lay heavy on highway and tree, And thou, my machine, wert laid to rest. In a cold, bare room, like an unloved

I sighed for thee.

The motor cab man came and cried,
"Wouldst thou me?"
The tram-car driver, anxious-eyed,
Asked, expecting a coming fee,
"Wilt thou sit here by my side?
Wouldst thou me?" And I replied,
"No, not thee!"

New inventions, when I am dead,
Follow soon:
Electric railways, madly led,
Will unborn ages find a boon;
But I ride thee, beloved bike—
Uphill, downhill—swift alike
Eve and noon?

"Do you have mice in your house, Parker?" asked Wicks.
"Yes; lots of 'em," said Parker.
"What on earth do you do for them?
I'm bothered to death with them at my

BE MODEST DON'T

THE IDLER THINKS SELF-INFLA-TION A GREAT ACCOMPLISHMENT.

TOOT YOUR HORN LONG AND LOUDLY

You Can't Be a Whale Unless You Spout Among the Minnows-Ancestral Rables and Pride of Fore-

Modesty and a retiring disposition are

wo very sweet characteristics to starve on, and people who possess these commendable qualities ofttimes have very nice things said about them-on their tombstones. But in real life the fellow who tooteth not his own horn generally finds himself, sooner or later, the under dog in the fight; and, what is more, the other dog is invariably the canine that gets the bone. In Aesop's fables we read about a frog that undertook to puff himself up as big as a bull, and as a consequence of this self-inflation he "bust"-if I may use this vulgarly expressive word to accurately convey an idea of his fate. But the conditions have changed since the days when Aesop hammered his now obsolete pattern of typewriter, and in our heart of hearts we know that if that frog could be resurrected and have another chance at self-inflation, he would soon have the bull thinking that he was much the bigger quadruped of the two. The public loves so dearly to be bamboozled and swindled, and it guips at the bait offered by the fellow who isn't accused of modesty, while the shy, timid accased of modesty, while the sny, thing chap who generally waits out on the curb-stone, has a hard time to so much as get his name in the city directory. And, even if he does get it there, it's printed in small type, while the individual with the cheek is immortalized in letters as big as your hand. For my part, I am tired of helps modest and hence. I am tired of being modest, and hence forth I am resolved to lead a better lifeto cause folk to believe that I am the only pebble on the beach, and that Mc-Kinley and his Cabinet never make a move on the international chess-board move on the international chess-boord without first receiving my views on the subject. If I persist in these views of myself—at present I am peculiarly unique in my opinions—by and by some nonentity will come over to my way of thinking, and then others will follow, until I get to be a colossus whom people will be proud to know. It takes time to grow from pothingness into importance and from nothingness into importance, and I've got to commence at the very bottom, but, sooner or later the little minnows will begin to nibble, and after them will come the big fish.

put me as "among those present" at the various functions of our miserably-paved municipality, but later on I shall expect my movements to be closely watched and my visits to neighboring towns to be my visits to neighboring towns to be noted among the personals. Next, I s'iall demand that my views on important subjects-exempli gratia, whether the Maine was blown up from the outside of inside—be asked, and following that I shall expect to hear that I am "mentionshall expect to hear that I am "mention-had done. During his life, a span of three-score years and ten, he had seen changes in his tribe which the nations of Europe have only accomplished in hundreds of centuries. Having begun childhood as the wildest savage, he was finishing life a cultivated gentleman of progressive thought and altruistic desires.

When we were driven to the Indian school, I begged to be left alone with a troop of youngsters who were romping outside, instead of going in with the others to see the weary children and wearier teachers struggling with the

At first, I shall only ask the papers to

ing about him. Where there's so much smoke there must be some fire." who know me and take me as my true worth (nothing) will at first be much amused at my aggrandizement, and will drop around, as they say, "to hear me blow," but if I "blow" sufficiently long and loudly they, too, will become con-vinced. And lastly, when the public ac-knowledge me as a great man, I'll begin to think so myself, and ere the sun sets on my glory I will be as a spouting whale among a shoal of tadpoles. Tall Ancestral rables now prevail to an ex-tent equalled only by our thirst for gold.

Distinguished-or, rather, notorious-progenitors are as much to be desired as 20 per cent, dividends, Every day we are going into permanent organizations for perpetuating and mobilizing the offspring of by-gone celebrities, or classes of cele-brities. Yesterday we heard of the Daughters of Evolution, and to-day it is the Sons of the Thirteenth Century Chaingang, while to-morrow it will be the Society of the Ancient Order of Hod-Carriers. No matter what the ancestor did, provided he is sufficiently ancient and has a name or calling that sounds big and pompous. With these qualifica-Heaven, if he happens to be there, and gaze on thousands who claim to be his scions. He will behold presidents, commanders, regents, vice-regents, moguls, grand high muckahucks, and what not who are gloating in the belief that his blood flows through their veins. Perhaps the ancient gentleman will recall the fact that he wasn't married, and, therefore, isn't legally entitled to representation on earth, but this little bar-sinister incident will not cut any figure with his offspring—that is, supposing the incident is mellowed by the lapse of years. In fact, this species of rables, which so far is confined entirely to people, and has not yet broken out among canines, requires a quality which is likewise requisite for the good standing of whiskey-to wit, a liberal ingredient of old age. And yet, in the face of all these facts, the lovers in the face of all these facts, the lovers of ancient things, and especially of over-ripe royalty, recently received a shock in London which was like unto the concus-sion from an exploding torpedo. At a sale of curios, three Egyptian mummies tiwo kings and a queen) only brought \$375, although they were 2.100 years old and duly authenticated by properly certifled documents. Think of it, ladies and gentlemen. Pause and reflect, O! Daughters of Evolution; stop and cogitate, ye Sons of the Thirteenth Century Chalagang. Hearken unto the tidings,

Carriers. Only \$375 for two kings and one queen. Poor as I am, I, myself, have seen the time when I would have given twice that amount for two mere paste-board kings and one queen. And the same day that this mummified trio were knock-ed down a poodle dog was sold in the Brit-ish capital for \$1,350, while in Edunburg a copy of Burns's Kilmarnock first edition brought 22,725. So it appears, after all that taken at their real value, these old-timers don't bring much on the market. No doubt, however, the dried-up Egyptians would have commanded much high-er figures had there been organizations called the United Sons of Mummies, of the Daughters of Rameses. Thank good-ness, George Washington, who had a knack of doing sensible things, shut of all this monkey business during his life by never having any children.
THE IDLE REPORTER.

he Queen and Her Wounded Sol-

diers. (London Times.)

In 1855 the Queen showed her sympathy with her wounded soldiers by paying a special visit to the Netley Hospital to Egyptian expedition, were inmates of the surgical wards there. In like manner yesterday her Majesty travelled to Netley to visit and to comfort the men wounded during the operations on the wounded during the operations on the Indian frontler, who are now under treatment. The occasion, with its incidents, was one of many which would serve to explain, if explanation were necessary, why it is that the dignified and gentle lady who stands at the head of the British race is not only respected, but also beloved above all her predecessors on the throne. on the throne.

In front of the hospital was a guard of honor provided by the Shropshire Regi-ment, and the band of the same regiment was in attendance to play "God Save the Queen," and to while away the interval of waiting with music. Men of the Royal of waiting with music. Men of the Royai Fusiliers kept the ground and confined the non-privileged spectators to the lawn outside the parallelogram of gravel in front of the hospital. At the entrance was a crimson-covered platform for her Majesty's convenience in descending from her carriage, flanked on either side by palms and flowers. Here a glittering scroup of officers in full dress was assemgroup of officers in full dress was assem-bled, for General Davis had made his way to the hospital in time to be there to pro-sent Surgeon-Major-General Nash to the Queen, and Mrs. Creagh was there to present a beautiful bouquet, and Surpresent a beautiful bouquet, and Sur-geon-Major-General Nash presented the chief officers of the medical staff-that is to say, Surgeon-Colonel Notter (Pro-fessor of Hygiene), Surgeon-Colonel Stevenson, Brigade - Surgeon - Lieutenant-Colonel Webb, Surgeon-Major Dich, and Surgeon-Major Kelly.
But there was no long delay. The

Queen's wheeling-chair had been brought forward in advance. In it she was conducted by her Indian servant to the lift, and on the top floor, where the wounded men are under treatment, she was received by Miss Norman, the lady super-intendent. Then begar the process of inspection and of visiting the sick, which the Queen went through in the most ex-act and sympathetic fashion, the staff following her as she went from ward to ward. The results of war were not seen at their worst at Netley yesterday, for the wounded men from the front now in hospital are for the most part convales-cent and through the worst of their trouble. Few of them were in bed, and most of them were able to stand by the side of their beds as her Majesty was brought into the wards. When the Queen had left the surgical wards and was inspect-ing the medical wards on the floor be-low, there was a rush of young fellows in blue hospital uniform to the windows, and these men, in spite of here and there a bandaged head or an arm in a sling, were obviously on the high road to so much of recovery as their injuries will permit. In each ward the Queen spent some

In each ward the Queen spent some time, and—upon hearsay only, for the greater number, even of the medical staff, remained outside in the corridor while her Majesty was engaged on her errand of tenderness within-it may stated that she had a word of comfort and encouragement for every man who had suffered in her cause. All of these save one-Peters of the Seventh Hussars, who got his hurt in Matabeleland-were men from the Indian frontier. Nor were men from the Indian frontier. Not was the Queen contended to go through the surgical wards only. Having inspected them, she descended to the medical wards below and spent an appreciable amount of time in each. From beginning to end, she was in the hospital for more than an hour, and when she came out into the light of day again and entered her certifiers it was apparent to all specher carriage it was apparent to all spectators that the spectacle of her wounded soldiers had affected her deeply. Then all was over. The national anthem sounded from the band again, the gray horses clattered away, the suite follow-ed, and after the suite the cheering crowd; and in a few minutes the Queen was on her homeward journey.

Kept the Baby Quiet. (Chicago Post.)

The woman in the lower flat met her at the door of the building, and a minute later the woman who had been out to make a few calls rushed up-stairs to

own apartments. "For heaven's sake, what's the matter, John?" she demanded as she entered.
"Nothing, my dear," replied her husband, as he looked up at her in surprise.

He was on his hands and knees playing horse with the 4-year-old, while the baby sat in the corner, gurgling and laughing. "Nothing!" she exclaimed. "No-thing!" Do you know that you have knocked a square yard of the plastering from the colling of the from the ceiling of the room below this

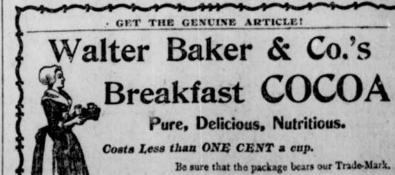
'Have I, my dear?' he asked meekly. "Have you!" she cried. "Of course you have. Further than that, you upset water-pitcher or something, good deal of the paper downstairs is ruined.'

"Did I, my dear?" "Yes, you did," she asserted, "and the neighbors tell me that the racket here has been simply awful; and the worst of it is that you have been responsible."

"Yes, you. You needn't try to get out of it. They recognized your voice. They could hear you clear to the corner yelling Whoa!" and 'Get up!" and all that sort Whoa!" and 'Get up!" and all that sort of nonsense, and the people downstairs say that you were the one who was gailoping up and down the room and jumping over the chairs. They could tell by the way it jarred the house. The childrer couldn't possibly have made such a racket. What in the world have you

been trying to do?" "My dear," he returned meekly, "de you remember what you said to me when you went out?"

"Distinctly," she replied. "I told you above all things to keep the baby quiet, for there was somebody sick downstairs." "Well," he said, with the air of a much injured man, "I have kept the baby quie in the only way possible to me."



Walter Baker & Co. Limited,